

CLEAN COMICS FOR EVERYONE

BIG  
SHOT

10¢

AND

No. 101

MAY

BIG  
SHOT

UNCLE PHIL HAS  
THE WRONG IDEA  
ABOUT A  
**SPRING  
DANCE.**







**WEB COMIC**  
**UNIVERSE.COM**





BO

by  
Frank  
Beck

WHOA! WAIT HERE, BO,  
TILL I SEE IF THIS  
HOUSE HAS ANY  
JUNK TO SPARE.



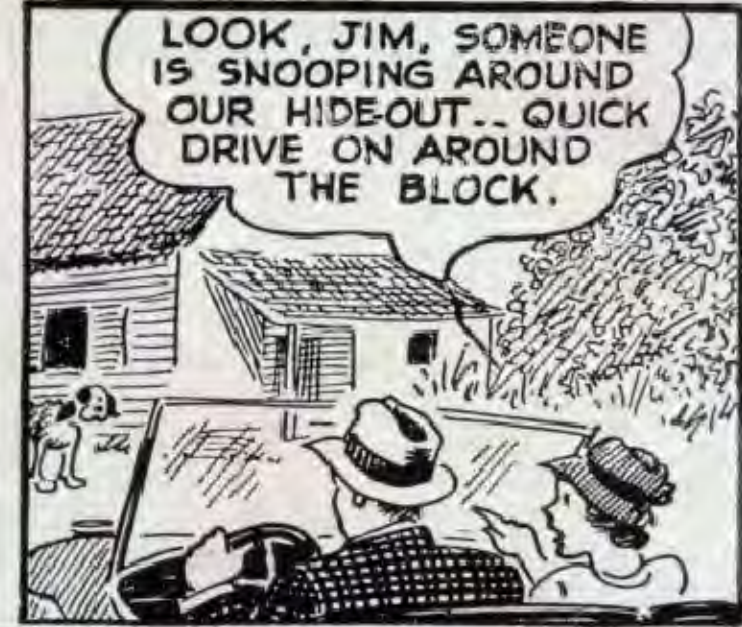
WELL... I GUESS I'VE  
GOT ALL THE OLD JUNK  
THAT'S IN HERE...  
-- SAY-Y-Y --  
WHAT'S THIS?



FOR GOSH SAKE! A  
WHOLE PILE OF BUNDLES  
AND CANS OF GUNPOWDER  
HIDDEN IN THIS OLD  
SHACK.



LOOK, JIM, SOMEONE  
IS SNOOPING AROUND  
OUR HIDE-OUT... QUICK  
DRIVE ON AROUND  
THE BLOCK.



IT WAS JUST SOME  
KID PROWLING AROUND  
OUR HIDE-OUT LOOKING  
FOR JUNK. WAIT'LL  
I SEE IF HE FOUND  
THAT GUNPOWDER



IT'S OKAY. I THOUGHT  
FOR AWHILE OUR  
GAME MIGHT  
BE UP.



YES, SIR, ALTHOUGH  
I DID NOTICE SOME  
CANS OF GUNPOWDER  
IN ONE ROOM...  
BUT I DIDN'T  
TOUCH THEM.

GUNPOWDER?  
UNHITCH  
YOUR DOG  
AND HOP  
IN HERE.



MAYBE  
WE HAVE  
RUN INTO  
A REAL  
CASE!

SHOW US  
THE WAY  
TO THAT  
HOUSE,  
KID.



FOLLOW BO'S ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE!



# MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard





# MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard

I'M SURPRISED PHIL DIDN'T WANT TO COME WITH US, MRS. FINN - IT'S SUCH A NICE DAY FOR A PICNIC!

WELL, HE SAID THERE WERE A FEW THINGS HE WANTED TO DO AROUND THE HOUSE, FLOSSIE - WHILE IT WOULD BE QUIET!

THE FIRST THING I'M GOIN' TO DO IS CLEAN YOUR CAGE, SNOOKIE - WHILE THE KIDS AREN'T AROUND TO EXCITE YOU!

TWEET TWEET



TWEET TWEET



I'M GLAD YOU DIDN'T TRY TO CLEAN THE CAGE, PHILIP - HE MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN OUT ON YOU!

HE WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN OUT! I SIMPLY DECIDED IT WAS TOO HOT TO DO ANYTHING!



# MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard





# MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

IT'S AWFULLY NICE OF PHIL TO BE GIVING THAT MAY PARTY FOR THE KIDS AT THE ORPHANS' HOME, MRS. FINN.

INDEED IT IS, FLOSSIE! HE REALLY HAS A BIG HEART!



YOU MEAN THAT MCFADDEN'S BAND IS GOING TO PLAY AT THE PARTY - FOR FREE?

SURE! MCFADDEN KNOWS I CAN GIVE HIM PLENTY OF WORK AROUND ELECTION TIME, MICHAEL!



WE'LL NEVER FORGET YOUR GENEROSITY, MR. FREEZER!

THAT'S OKAY, SHERIFF!



I'M SURE SURPRISED THAT HE DONATED ALL THAT ICE CREAM AND CANDY - HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE AWFUL TIGHT!

WE'LL DON'T FORGET, MICHAEL - HE HOPES TO GET ALL THE CITY BUSINESS THROUGH ME!



I SENT OVER FIVE CASES OF CREAM SODA, PHIL - AND FIVE OF GINGER ALE!

YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT, CLANCY - YOU'RE BOUND TO HAVE GOOD LUCK!



YOU SHOULD'VE AT LEAST OFFERED TO PAY MR. CLANCY FOR IT, UNCLE PHIL - AFTER ALL, YOU'RE GIVIN' THE PARTY!

HE'D HAVE BEEN INSULTED, MICHAEL



SO YOU SENT OVER TWO BIG CAKES, EH, MR. MEAD? WELL, I SURE WANT TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR CO-OPERATION!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, PHIL - I'M ALWAYS GLAD TO HELP A WORTHY CAUSE!



WHY WERE YOU SO SURE THAT HE WOULDN'T TAKE ANYTHING FOR THEM?

THAT'S VERY SIMPLE, MICHAEL - HE WANTS THE BREAD CONTRACT FOR THE COUNTY JAIL!



DID YOU SEND IT OVER, TOM?

SURE, PHIL! THIS MORNIN'!



NOW WHAT IN THE WORLD DID YOU ASK HIM TO DONATE?

YOU'LL SEE, MICHAEL! THE PARTY WOULDN'T BE COMPLETE WITHOUT IT!

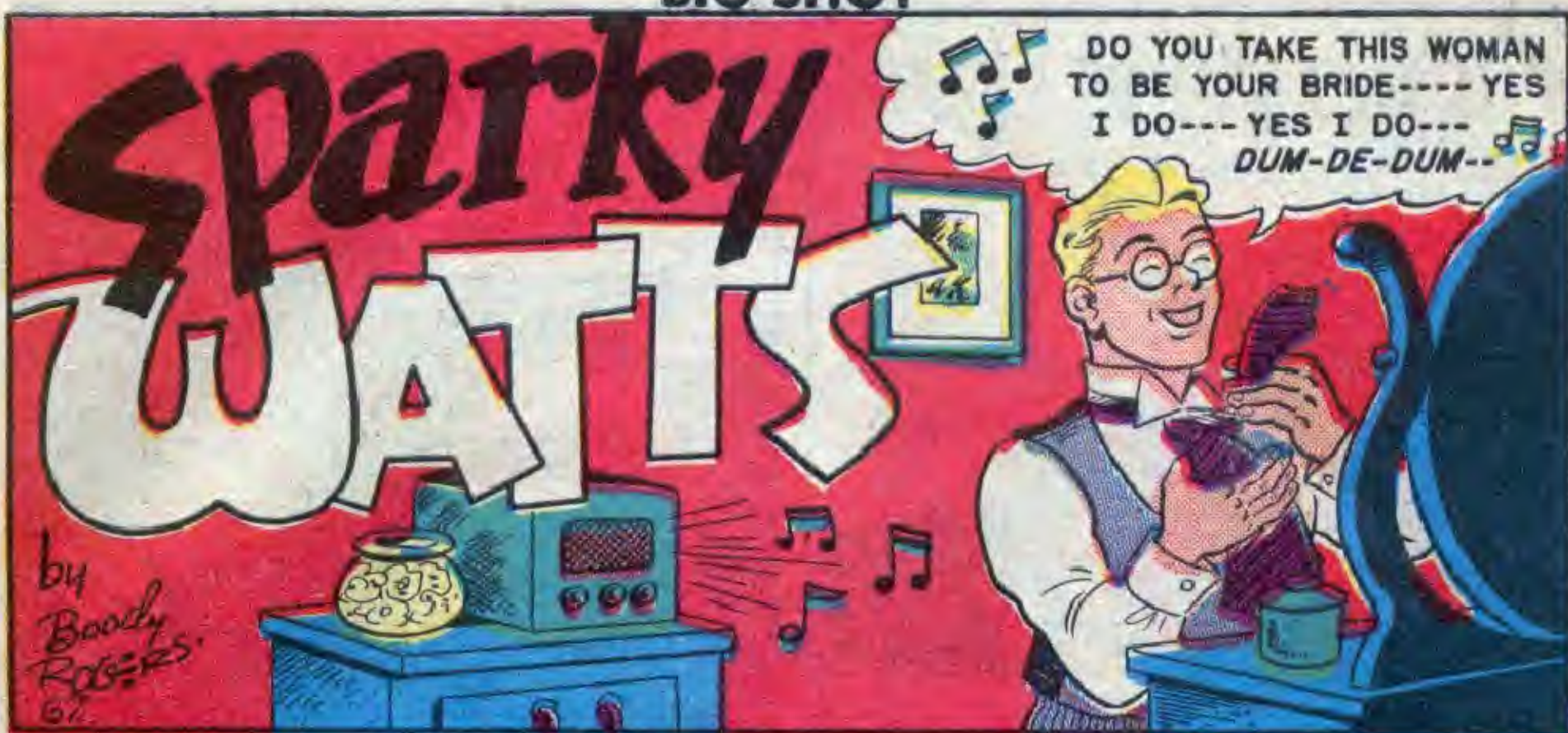


IT'S A WONDERFUL PARTY, SHERIFF - YOU DIDN'T FORGET A THING!

WELL, WHENEVER I DO ANYTHING I TRY TO DO IT RIGHT!

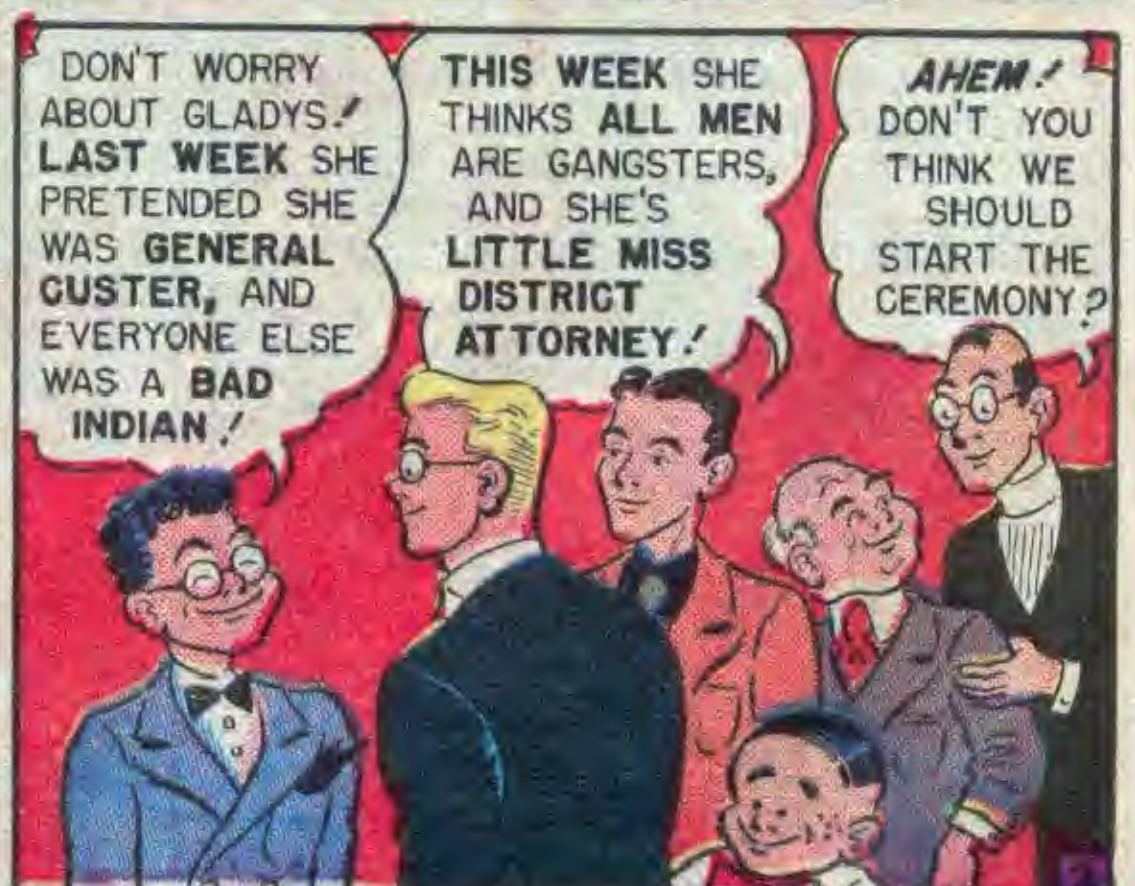
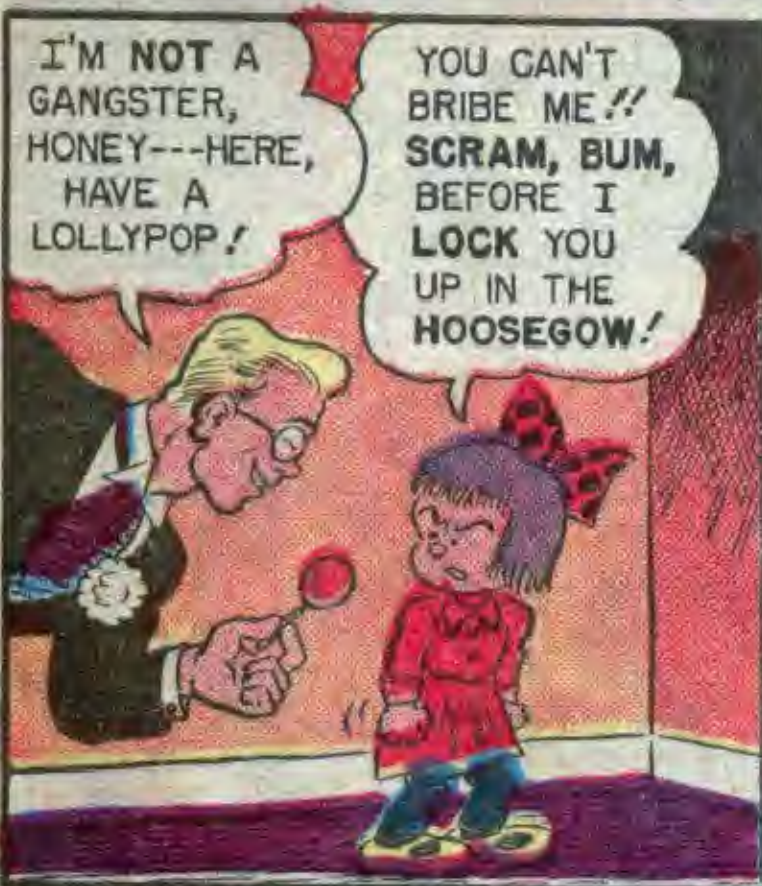






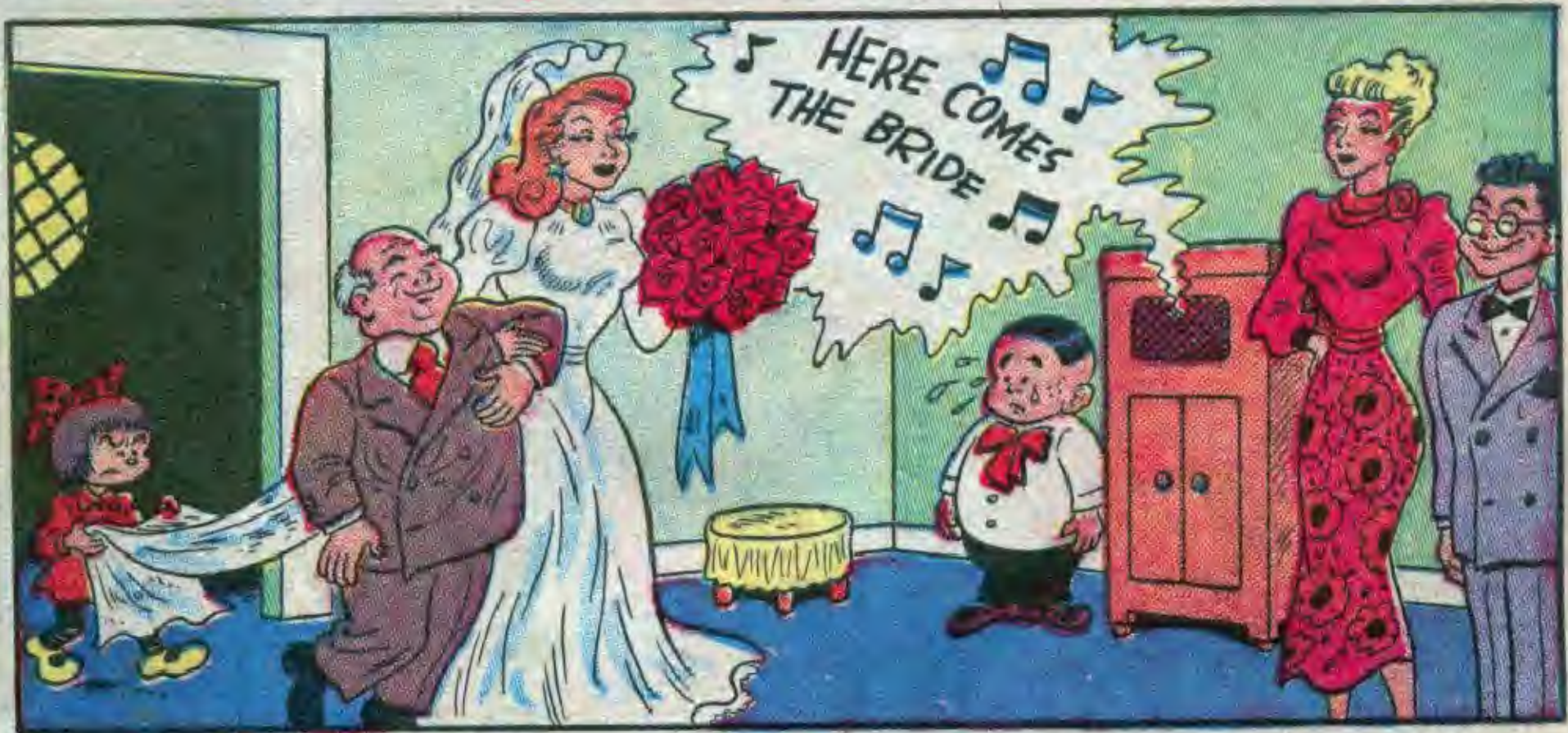


# BIG SHOT



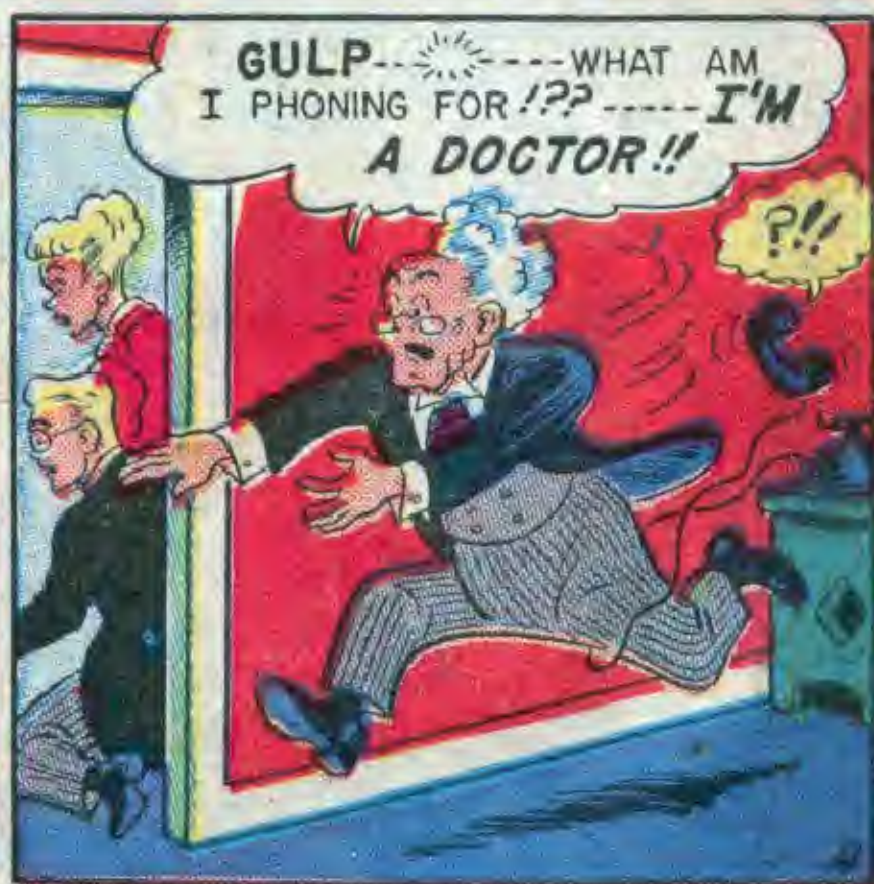
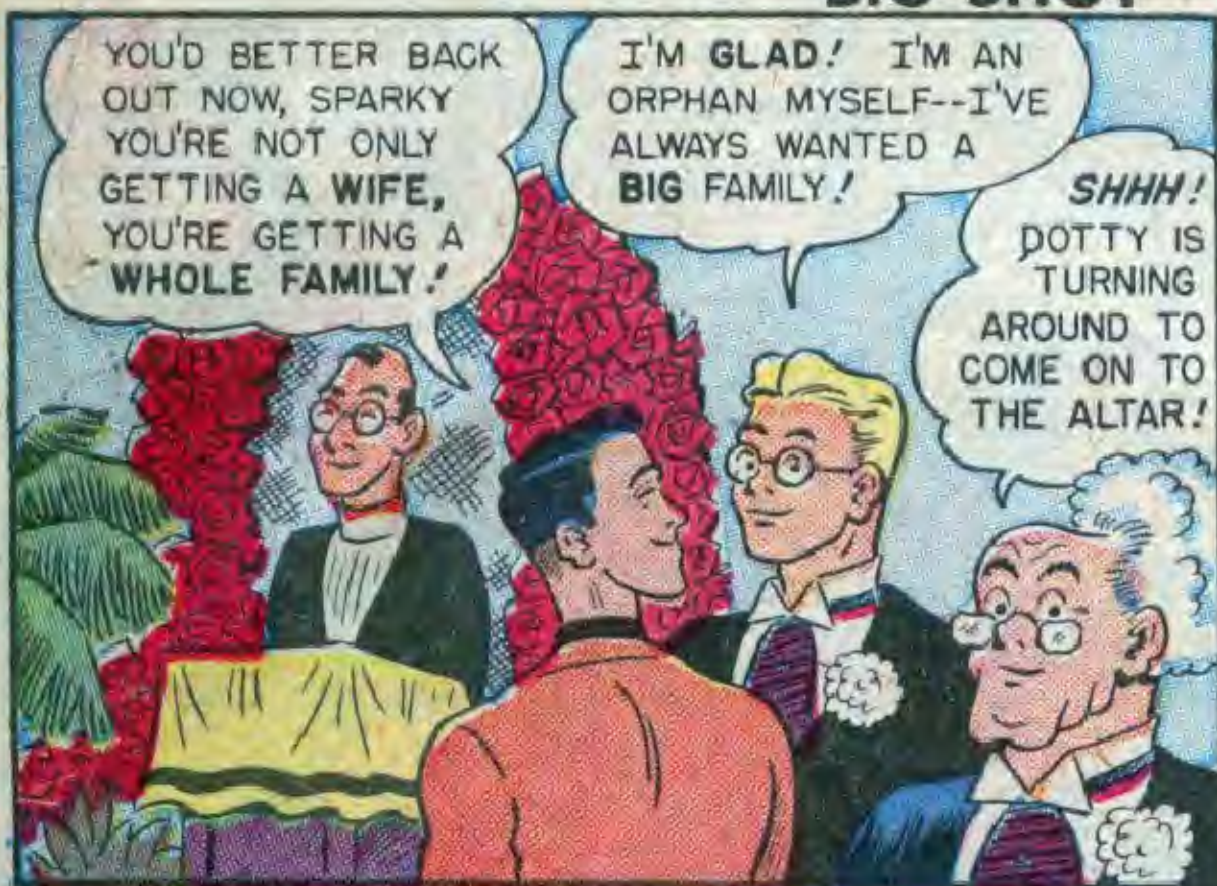


# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT





EASY NOW---EASY---PLACE HER ON THE TABLE-----**EASY!!**



JOYCE WILL STAY AND HELP ME---THE OTHERS WILL WAIT IN THE NEXT ROOM--- I **MUSTN'T** BE DISTURBED !!



GEE---IT'S TAKING DOCTOR STATIG A LONG TIME--- --S--SHE MUST BE HURT BADLY !

**NO! NO!** SHE'S GOT TO BE ALL RIGHT---SHE'S JUST GOT TO!!



IT'S ALL MY **FAULT**---I SHOULD HAVE CAUGHT HER--- --I---

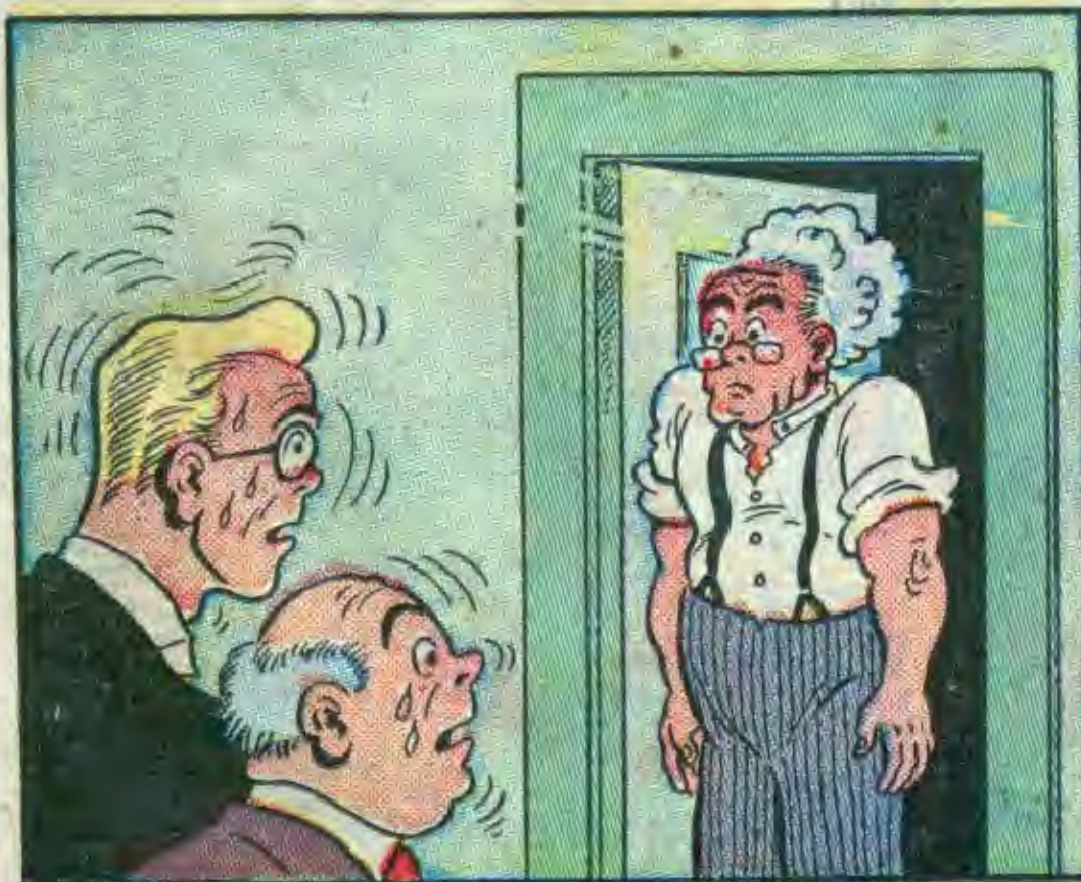
IT'S NOT YOUR **FAULT** SPARKY--I WAS NEARER THAN YOU---BUT SHE **FELL** SO QUICKLY!

**SHHH!** THE DOOR IS OPENING !



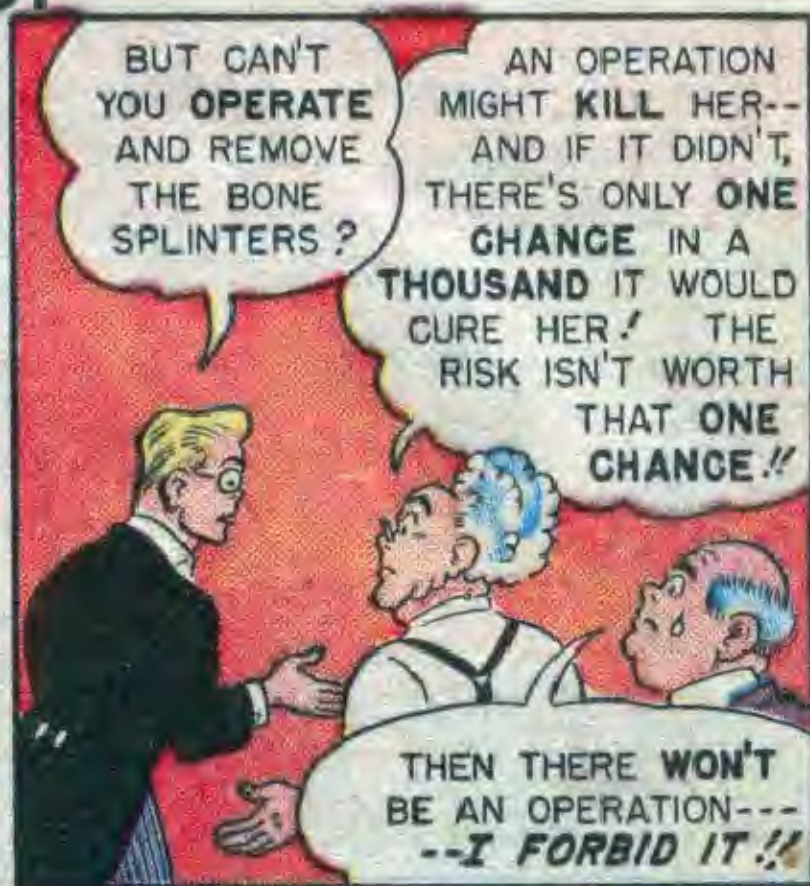
DOG---IS-- --IS SHE--- ----IS SHE D--DE---

SHE'LL LIVE--- BUT HER BACK IS BROKEN--- -----SHE'LL NEVER WALK AGAIN !





# BIG SHOT





# DIXIE DUGAN

By McEVoy and STRIEBEL





# BIG SHOT

## Dixie Dugan

BY M'EVROY AND STRIEBEL



THERE—NOW YOU'RE ALL DRESSED UP FOR SUNDAY

FANK YOU, AUNTIE DIXIE



DON'T SIT ON THE FLOOR, DEAR—YOU'LL GET YOUR DRESS ALL WRINKLED

AW RI



HONEY—YOU'RE GETTING YOUR KNEES ALL DIRTY AND YOU'VE JUST HAD A BATH

AW RI



KIN I GO OUTSIDE?

YES—BUT DON'T PLAY IN THE SNOW OR YOU'LL GET SOAKING WET



??? I WONDER WHAT SHE'S DOING



IMOGENE!



THAT CHILD—NOW I'LL HAVE TO RUN ALL OVER THE NEIGHBORHOOD TO FIND HER



YOU LOOKING FOR YOUR NIECE?

YES, MR. MILLIKIN, —WHERE IS SHE?



SHE'S IN THE PUBLIC PARK PERPETRATING A PANIC—HA—HA



IMOGENE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE?

FINKING! S'ALL I KIN DO ON SUNDAYS





# Dixie Dugan

## BIG SHOT

PA — WILL YOU HELP US DECIDE ON CHANGING AROUND THE FURNITURE?

O.K.

WE CAN PUT YOUR EASY CHAIR ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FIREPLACE

???

I KINDA LIKE IT WHERE IT IS

WELL — LET'S TRY IT ON THE OTHER SIDE ANYWAY

HOW ABOUT MOVING THE COUCH OVER HERE?

NO — I THINK IT WOULD LOOK BETTER OVER HERE

THIS LAMP KIN — BRING IT HERE

I'LL PUT THE RUG

NO — IT STAYS RIGHT WHERE IT IS —

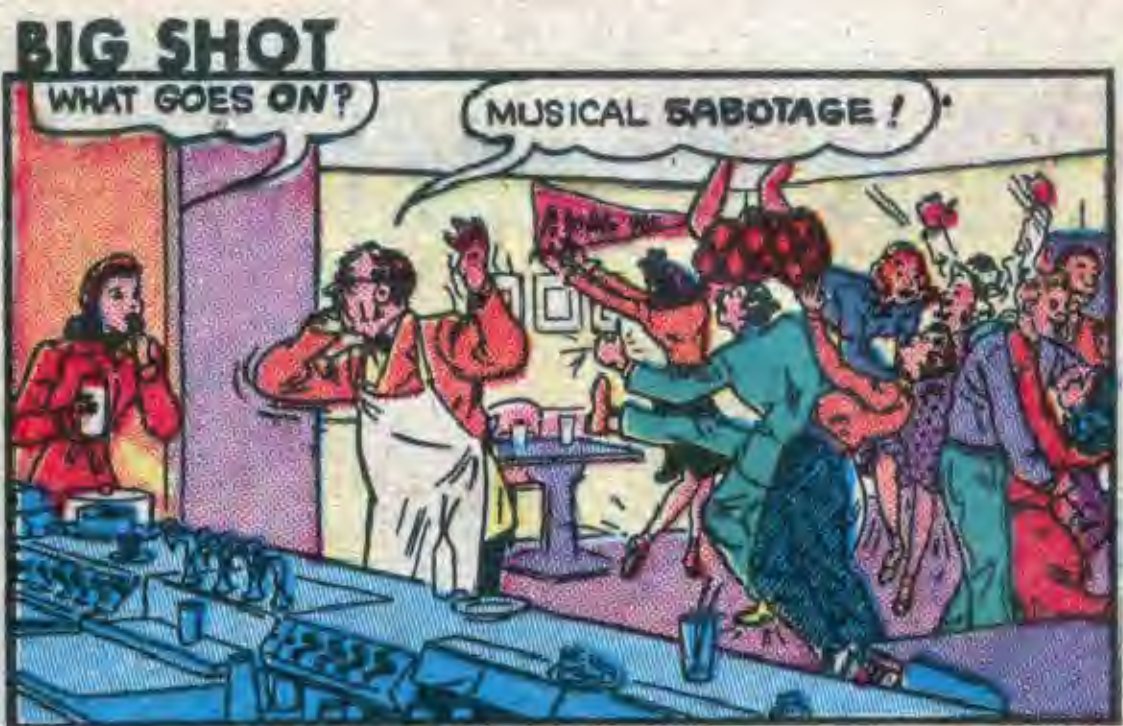
WHAT DO YOU THINK, PA?

WHY IN TH' SAM HILL ARE YA ASKIN' ME??

BUT WE WOULDN'T CHANGE ANYTHING WITHOUT YOUR OPINION

AFTER ALL, YOU'RE THE BOSS!!

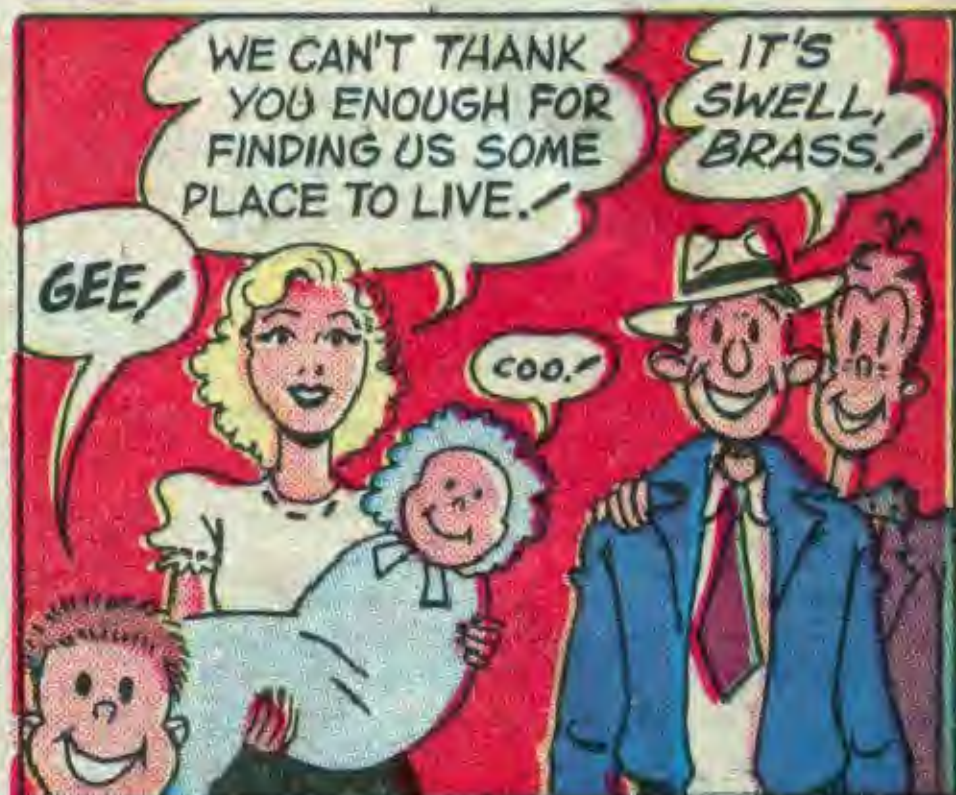
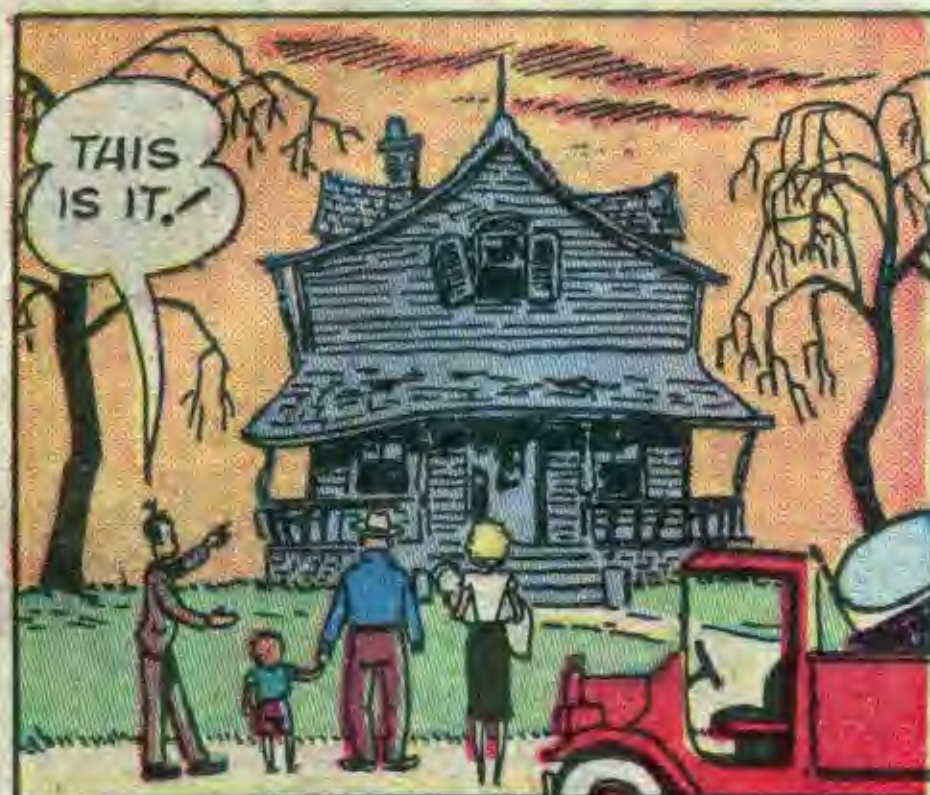






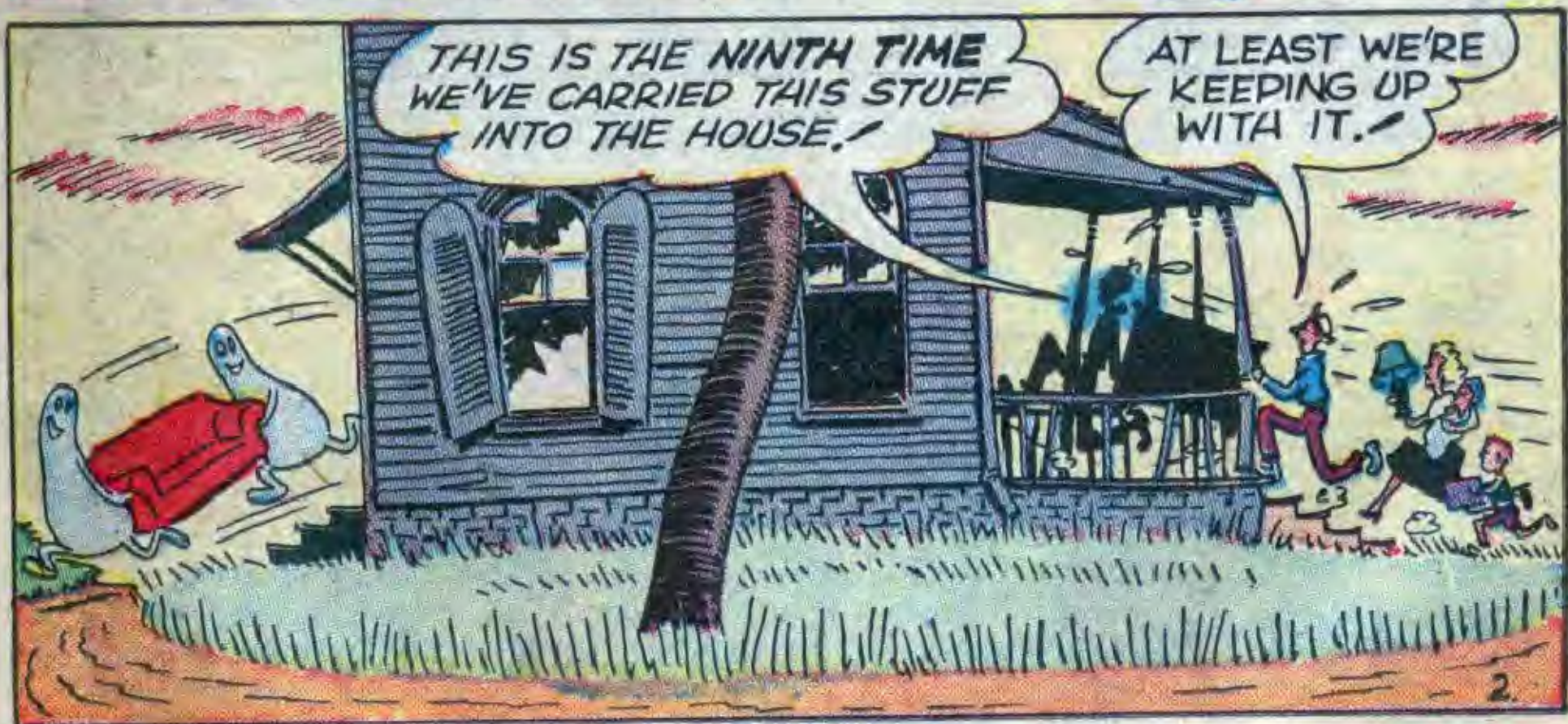
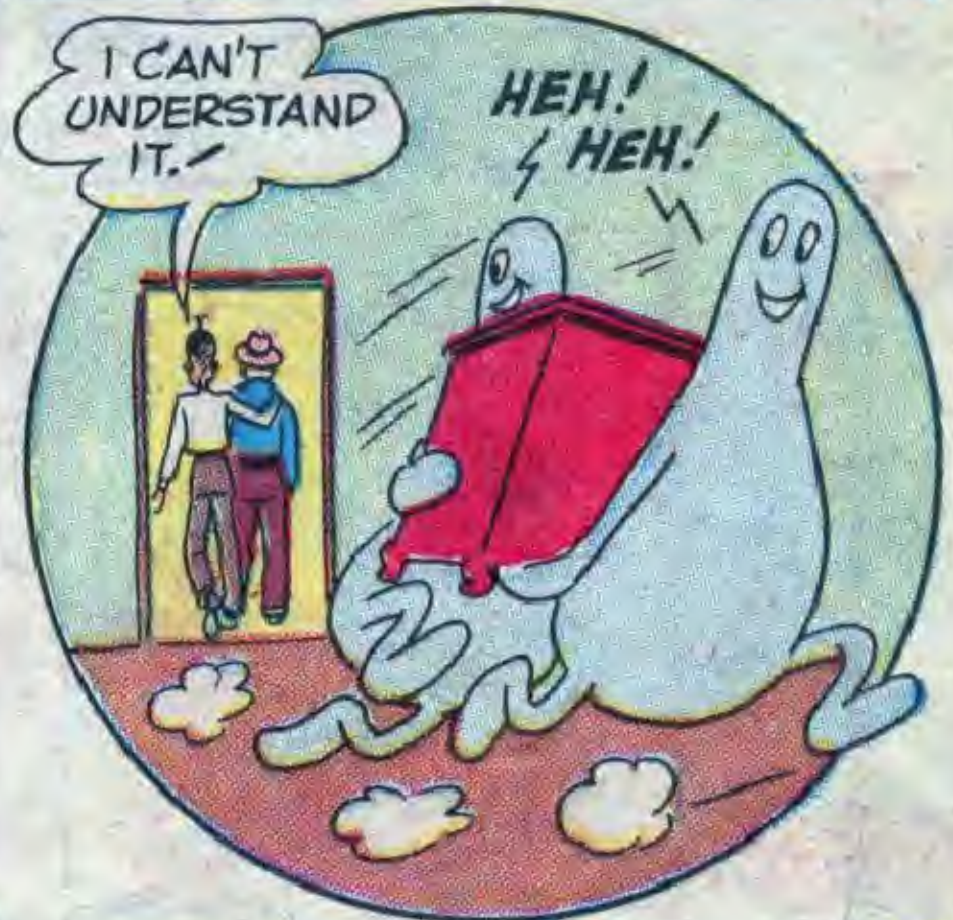
# BIG SHOT BRASS KNUCKLES

by MARTY MARION



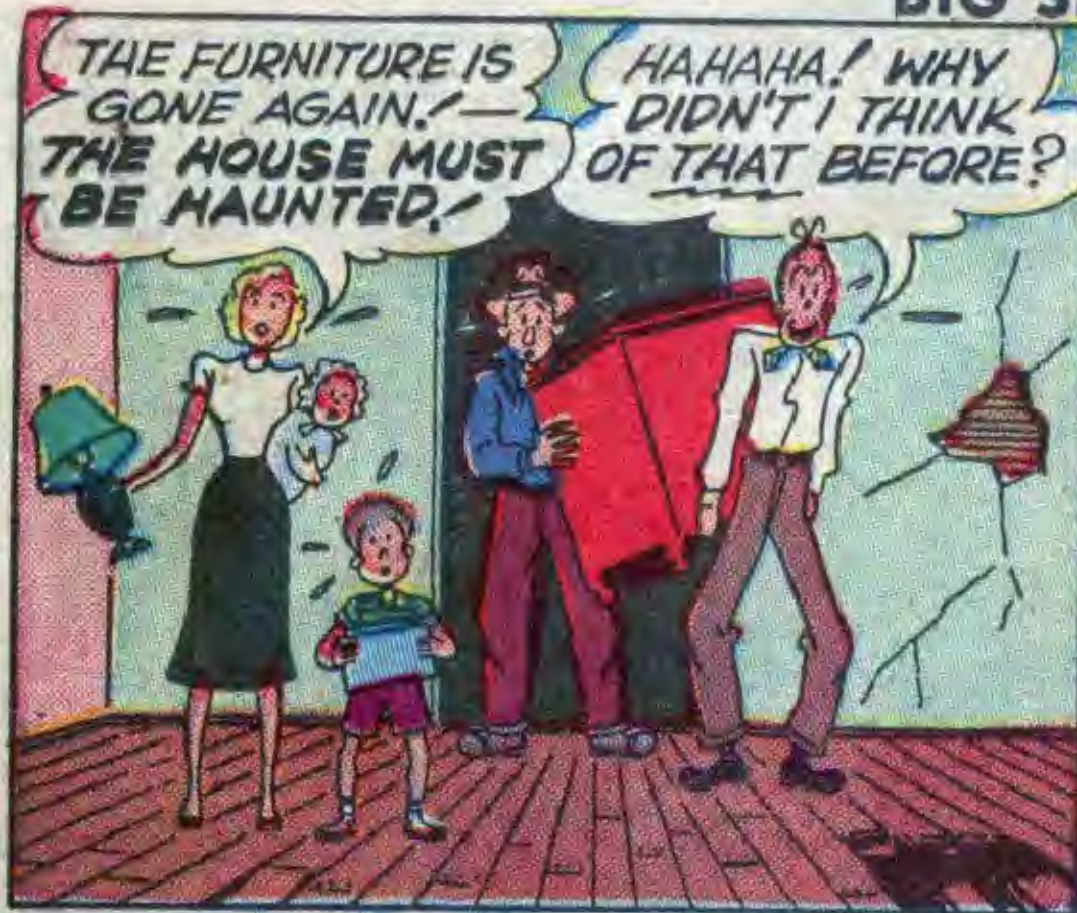


# BIG SHOT



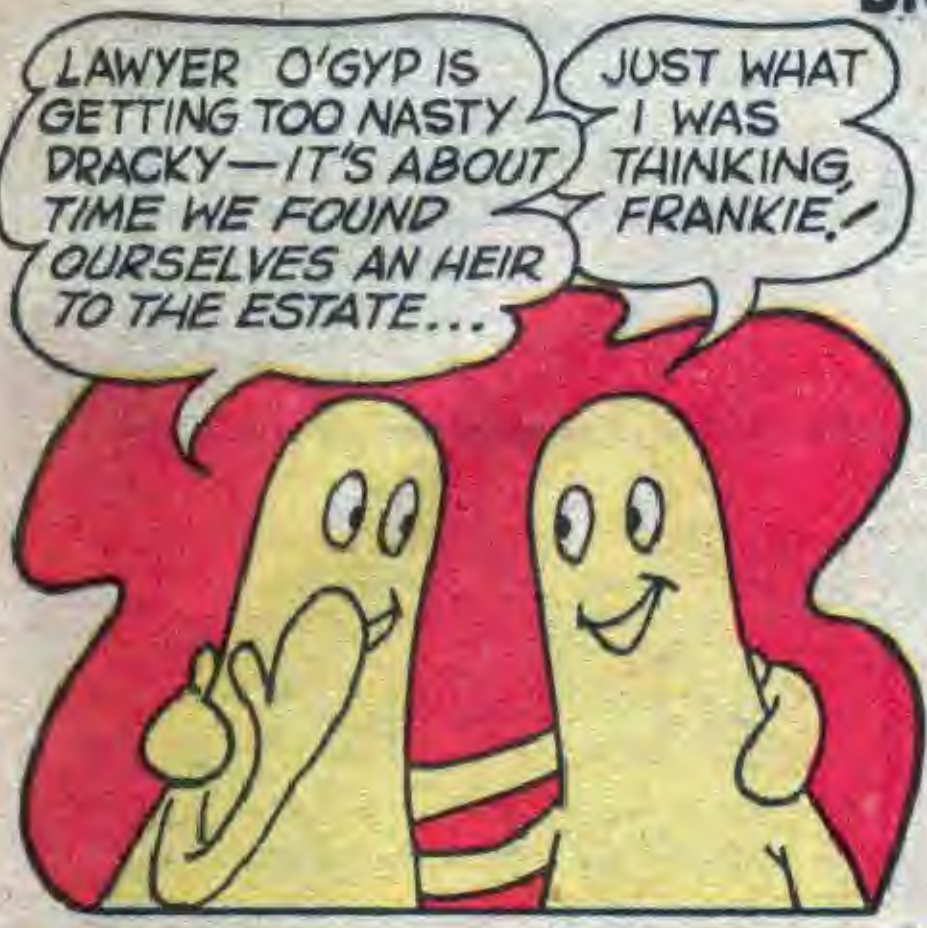


# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT





# Everybody Gets Into the Act

By MART BAILEY

"NO YOU DON'T!" blurted Butsy Ratsoff. And to show that he meant what he said, the stocky little gangster with the gorilla face poked the revolver two or three times into Good Old Bumpy's short ribs.

This had its desired effect. Good Old Bumpy, disguised in red whiskers, satin-lined cloak, and tophat had bent to pick up Jack Beerymore, who had masqueraded for the night's adventure as a one-legged sailor off an eighteenth century whaling ship. At the moment when the sharp muzzle of the revolver contacted with his tender ribs, Good Old Bumpy had almost lifted the unconscious actor to his feet. Now he dropped him as if the gently snoring thespian were an electric eel.

"Do you realize, m'sieur," Good Old Bumpy said to the sneeringly triumphant underworld chief, "that you are interfering with zee due processes of Law? That you are throwing zee monkey wrench into zee machinery of zee French Police Department? That you are preventing zee administration of justice, which eez zee firmest pillar of good government. That you are, in a word, hampering the functions of myself, Inspector Bonsoir-Bonsoir of the Surete?"

"Surete," replied Butsy Ratsoff. He was in no mood for small talk. He could feel Milly's angry eyes scorching him, and he still rankled over the injustice of her taking the wrong view of his heroics. He had expected her to throw her arms around his neck, murmuring, "My hero!" His slugging of the one-legged sailor who tried to take her rhinestone necklace at gun point, she chose to regard as an insidious attempt to kill the only man who could help find her missing sister.

Meanwhile, Good Old Bumpy started screaming in make-believe French, and shaking his head with all the Gallic vehemence of an outraged Inspector of the Surete.

Caught between these two forces, Butsy's brain slipped a few cogs and began whirling dizzily.

Good Old Bumpy, discerning the little gangster's befuddlement, increased the violence of his head shaking. This might have worked. Frenchmen are notoriously hot-blooded and excitable, and a little more head-shaking might

have convinced Butsy Ratsoff that Good Old Bumpy was, as he said, Inspector Bonsoir-Bonsoir of the Surete. But to date no Frenchman has ever lost his beard simply by shaking his head.

"So!" said Butsy Ratsoff.

Inspector Jacques Bonsoir-Bonsoir was suddenly calm, as if oil had been thrown upon the troubled waters of his temper.

"Disguise," he muttered, with a deprecatory glance towards the false whiskers which lay on the floor like a robin's nest. He thought how nice it would look if there were an egg or two to go in it.

"Oh yeah?" said Butsy Ratsoff. His brain was hitting on all cylinders again, and he was determined to end this masquerade.

Reaching out a hand that was practically furlined on the outside, he ripped the badge off Good Old Bumpy's chest and held it to the light.

The badge was gold-plated and official looking, all right. But where it should have been inscribed with the signum of the French Republican Police, was the figure of a galloping greyhound; above, was the word *Inspector*; below, the legend *Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*.

Butsy Ratsoff chuckled. "Come on, mug," he commanded.

"M'sieur le Gobelet, to you," said Good Old Bumpy.

"I thought it was Bonsoir-Bonsoir," said Butsy. "Anyway, we're going to have a little talk. You can bring Limehouse Louie with you in what you call custody." He waved the revolver.

Good Old Bumpy shrugged. He was a philosopher. He knew you can't win against loaded dice or loaded shooting irons.

RECOVERING consciousness from the uppercut which Butsy Ratsoff had dealt him, Jack Beerymore felt like a dreamer or some kind of vegetable life. His glazed eyes recognized none of the Times Square rush-hour crowd, who seemingly unaware of his existence, had mobbed into the tiny room.

A terrific slam caused his eyes to roll towards the door. Instead, he saw a life-size poster ad-



## BIG SHOT

vertising a techni-color movie titled *Queen of the Underworld*, or something like that. He wasn't sure because the title was oddly missing. The girl in the poster, however, he recognized as Veronica Lake or some gorgeous lady who resembled her and with whom he had been vaguely acquainted in a former life. There was a hard glint in her arctic blue eyes and her slender, bejeweled fingers held a small gold-plated revolver.

Then, all at once, Jack realized that the poster wasn't a poster and that the revolver was including him in its sweeping embrace.

To make matters worse, behind Veronica Lake or whoever she was, stood a frightened male accomplice, who gave Jack the unpleasant impression that he himself was a disembodied spirit, since his body apparently stood in the doorway while he himself lay on the floor. Had his braincells been less scrambled by Butsy's uppercut, he would have recognized his double in the doorway as Frederic Bons, his understudy, who had accompanied Beatrice Thornrose at her insistence to trap him with her priceless necklace.

"Ha!" said Veronica Lake or whoever she was. "We've caught the whole gang!"

The "we" included her male accomplice, Frederic Bons, though all he contributed to the scene was his imposing presence in top hat and tails and a desultory waving of a pistol that seemed likely to go off at any moment in his trembling fingers.

With the exception of the little bookie, whose arms were roped to his side anyway, Jack Beerymore was the only one who hadn't flung up his hands at the dramatic entrance of Veronica Lake and her accomplice.

"Put your hands up," she snapped.

Jack tried to explain that his arms were bereft of motion, that he was, in fact, a disembodied spirit or some kind of vegetable life; but he could not even open his mouth.

"Do you want me to drill you?" said the six-shooter siren.

The question shot Jack's arms skyward in a hurry.

"That's better. Now we can get down to business."

"Business" was a harangue on the subject of Diamond Swindlers, who steal a girl's heirlooms on pretence of having them repaired. Jack tried to point out that she had him all wrong. But she silenced his rebuttal with an irritable movement of the gold-plated revolver, and went on to say that he must pay in cold cash or spend the rest of his days on the stone pile at Alcatraz. It was a speech nicely calculated to bring Jack out of his trance as effectively as spirits of ammonia. He recognized now that Veronica Lake wasn't Veronica Lake at all, but Beatrice Thornrose, the understudy who was playing the femi-

nine lead in his latest play, *The Duke's Study*, from which he had been missing for the past week; and he wondered what he had ever seen in the girl.

During all this while, Millie, standing beside Butsy Ratsoff and paying no attention to the lecture, had been staring incredulously. There was a vast difference between the platinum-haired siren who waved the gold-plated revolver and the freckle-faced girl who had left the old homestead two years before to seek her fortune in the Big City; but sisterly instinct told her they were one and the same.

"Beatrice!" she cried joyously.

The siren turned her platinum head and saw Milly for the first time. The gold-plated revolver clattered on the floor, and she enveloped her sister Millicent in a gush of kisses.

Deserted at this crucial point, Frederic Bons, her accomplice, waved his pistol in the helpless manner of Zazu Pitts. The whole affair had turned into a jolly family reunion, and he did not know whether to run or smile and join the festivities.

Good Old Bumpy nudged Butsy Ratsoff. "Limehouse Louie," he whispered.

The little gangster looked at the one-legged Limehouse Louie who sat on the floor rubbing the back of his head, and then at the elegant Limehouse Louie who stood in the doorway with the pistol.

"Genuine article," whispered the insidious M'sieur le Gobelet.

Butsy was almost convinced of this, but not quite. The Limehouse Louie in the doorway looked more like Limehouse Louie as he knew that internationally notorious torpedo-man — but there was something fishy about the whole affair which Butsy could not fathom, and he felt his brain begin slipping its cogs again.

At that moment, Randolph, the campaigner-butler, reached the top landing of 711 West Ache Street.

Randolph permitted himself a thin smile as he saw the ominous figure with the revolver in the doorway and just beyond, Good Old Bumpy, his master, hands upraised. He had expected something like this, and he was not unprepared. Fashion prohibited his lugging about a spike-studded mace, but highly approved the gold-headed stick which he carried, though some eyebrows might have lifted in amazement were it known that the stick was heavily weighted and especially designed to be used as a bludgeon.

Taking in the situation, he gripped the weighted stick and tiptoed within striking distance. With the deadly accuracy of the expert mace-wielder, he let the silk topper have it.

The Limehouse Louie who stood in the doorway crumbled like a scarecrow suddenly relieved of its props.



# SKYMAN

By *Edgar Whitney*



HOME SWEET HOME, AFTER TWO YEARS OF PATE DEFOI GRAS -- YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY, GORDON!

KISS THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE FOR ME, WILL YA, PAL?

AH -- THE TALL ONE EES PER-FECT!

COMPLETING A MISSION TO PARIS, SKYMAN AND FAWN PREPARE FOR A HOMEWARD FLIGHT.... MEANWHILE, JUST A SHORT WAY FROM THE AIRFIELD, A GAY GROUP OF G.I.'S GATHER TO BID A FORTUNATE FELLOW AMERICAN "HAPPY LANDINGS"... "UN-HAPPY LANDINGS" WOULD BE MORE APPROPRIATE, FOR, JUST AROUND THE CORNER....



SO LONG, GUYS!

LEAVING FOR ONE'S HOMELAND EES INDEED A WANDAIRFUL FEELING, EH, MON AMI?

I AM MOS' HAPPY FOR YOU, FRIEND! COME, WE WEEL HAVE A FAREWELL DROP OF FRENCH COGNAC TOGETHAIR, NO?

WEL-L





# BIG SHOT



YOU WEEL PARDON THIS SHABBY SHACK! YOU KNOW HOW EET EES - THE WAR, THE POSTWAR-

YEAH--PRETTY TOUGH! WELL, HERE'S TO BETTER TIMES, CHUM!



--- NICE OF YOU -- OF YOU -- T-TO ---

AH, THE SLUMBER SLIPS OVER HEEM WITH GREAT HASTE!



ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN COME OUT NOW! HE WEEL HEAR AN' FEEL NOTHEENG!

NICE GOING! SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE CLIMBING INTO THE KHAKI OF A LONG LANK LIKE THAT!



I BELIEVE YOU WILL FIND A PASS OF LEAVE ON HIS PERSON, TOO!

OKAY, THERE'S YOUR PAY-OFF, PAL! NOW GO TAKE A WALK FOR A WHILE!



JUST GOTTA DUMP HIS DUFFEL BAG, LOAD IT WITH MY OWN CARGO AND-I'M ALL SET!



MEANWHILE, AT THE NEARBY AIRFIELD...

ALL SET FOR THE ATLANTIC HOP FAWN?

SOON AS I COLLECT THE CHAPEAUS I LEFT IN THE WAITING ROOM! AFTER ALL, WHAT'S A TRIP TO PARIS WITHOUT COLLECTING A CHAPARELLI CREATION OR TWO!



# BIG SHOT

AS FAWN COLLECTS HER "CARGO", HER EYES FALL UPON ANOTHER WHO IS ALSO INTERESTED IN "CARGO" SPACE ...

YOUR PAPERS ARE IN ORDER, GORDON, BUT IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE YOU'LL BE GETTING OUT OF HERE FOR A WHILE! THE LOCAL AIR-LIFT SERVICE IS OFF SCHEDULE!



LOOK, SOLDIER, THERE'S A PRIVATE PLANE ON THE FIELD THAT'S FIXING TO FERRY THE ATLANTIC! I DON'T IMAGINE THE PILOT WILL MIND MAKING ROOM FOR YOU!

SAY NO MORE, LADY, YOU'VE JUST HOOKED YOURSELF A HITCHHIKER!



SKYMAN, MEET LARRY GORDON! I JUST THUMBED A RIDE FOR HIM!

SKYMAN! THE CRIME CRUSHER, IN PERSON! BETTER WATCH MY STEP WITH THIS BOY!



LATER, AS THE WING ROARS OUT OVER THE ATLANTIC, SLUMBER OVERTAKES THE IMPOSTER ...

LOOKS LIKE OUR "CARGO" GOT CAUGHT BY A CATNAP! BETTER GET HIS BLANKET OUT OF THAT DUFFEL BAG!



THERE'S NOTHING SO UNCOMFORTABLE AS FORTY WINKS WITHOUT A BLANK---???



SKYMAN, LOOK AT THIS! THAT GUY'S PACKING A POUCH BUSTING WITH BILLS! THERE MUST BE A GOOD TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS HERE!

HUH?







I-I DON'T GET IT! HOW COULD A PRIVATE LIKE GORDON GATHER A MOUNTAIN OF MOOLAH LIKE THAT?

FIRSTLY, ACCORDING TO THIS STENCIL, "GORDON" HAPPENS TO BE A FELLOW NAMED BENEDICT! THIS HAS ALL THE EARMARKS OF ONE OF THOSE EUROPEAN BLACK MARKET OPERATIONS!

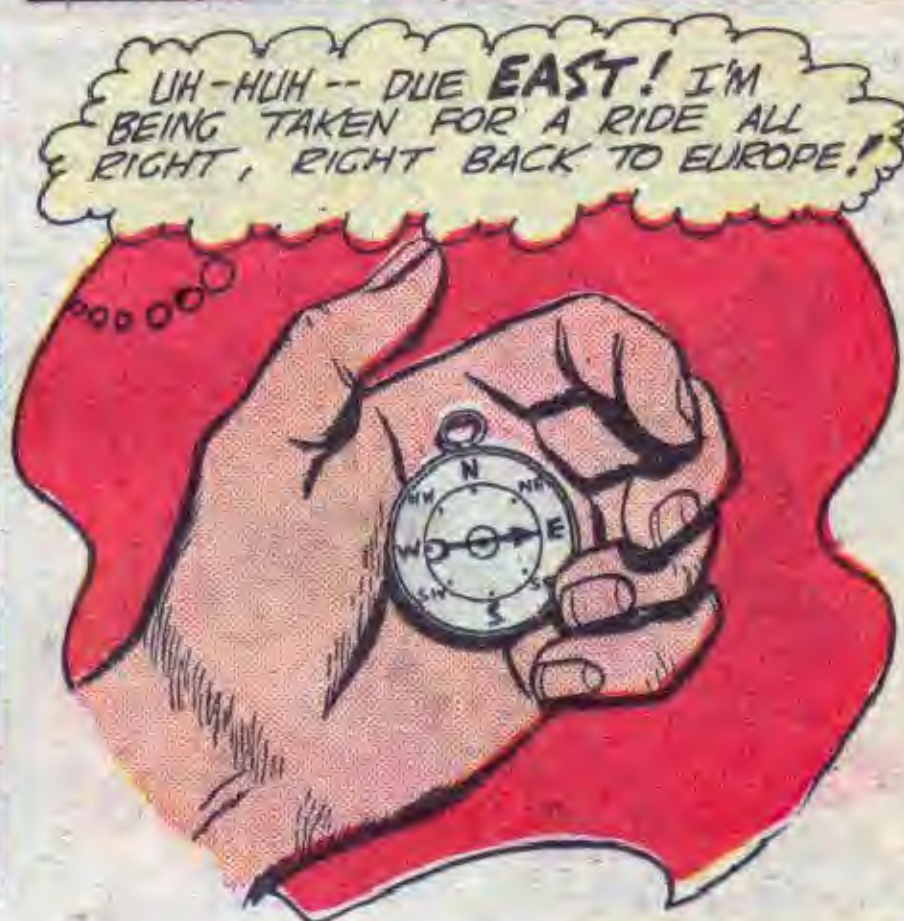


SLIP IT BACK IN THE BAG AND THEN HOLD TIGHT! SLEEPING BEAUTY'S GOING TO AWAKEN IN THE ARMS OF THE PARIS PROVOST MARSHAL!



AS THE WING BANKS SHARPLY, BENEDICT BOUNCES OUT OF DREAMLAND...

UH--WHAT-- SOMETHING'S GONE HAYWIRE! A "U-TURN" ON A STRAIGHTAWAY TRIP JUST DOESN'T FIGURE!



UH-HUH-- DUE **EAST!** I'M BEING TAKEN FOR A RIDE ALL RIGHT, RIGHT BACK TO EUROPE!



OKAY, SMART GUY, YOU CAUGHT ME NAPPING AND FIGURED THINGS OUT SOMEHOW! BUT NOW IT'S MY TURN TO PLAY CUTE! WHAT'S OUR POSITION?



WE'RE OVER **SCOTLAND!** CARE TO STEP OUT AND HAVE A LOOK AROUND?

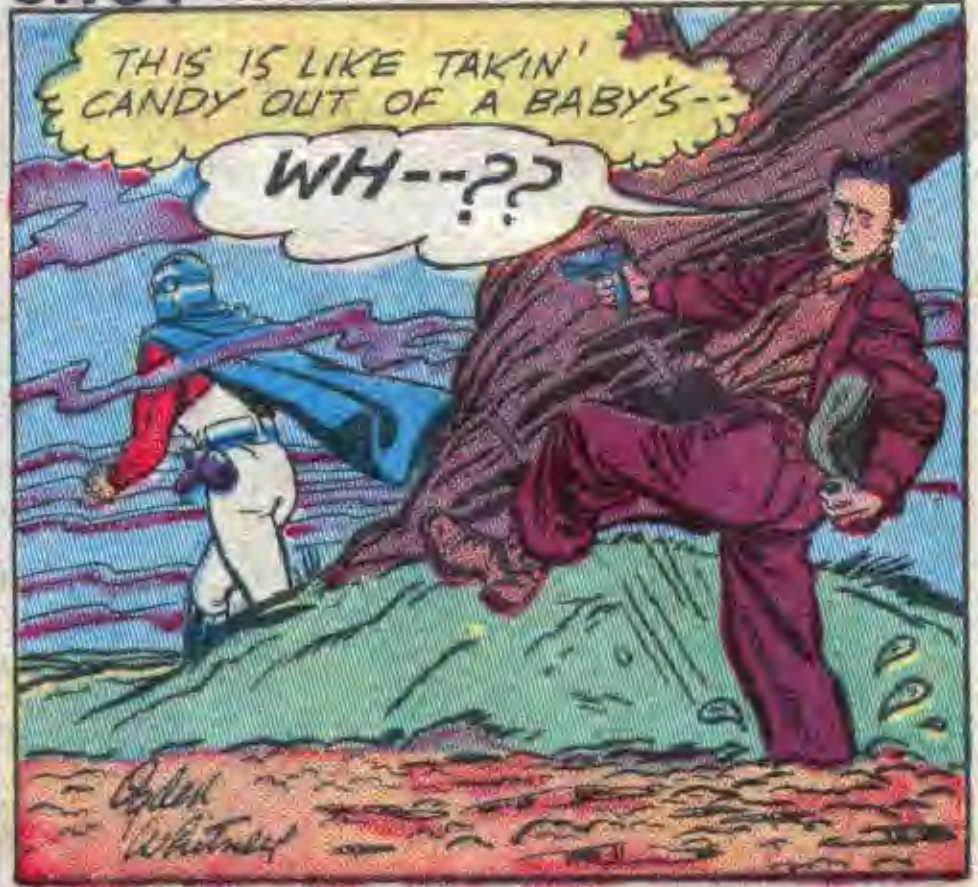
VERY FUNNY, FRIEND, BUT **THAT'S** EXACTLY WHAT I HAVE IN MIND!



# BIG SHOT





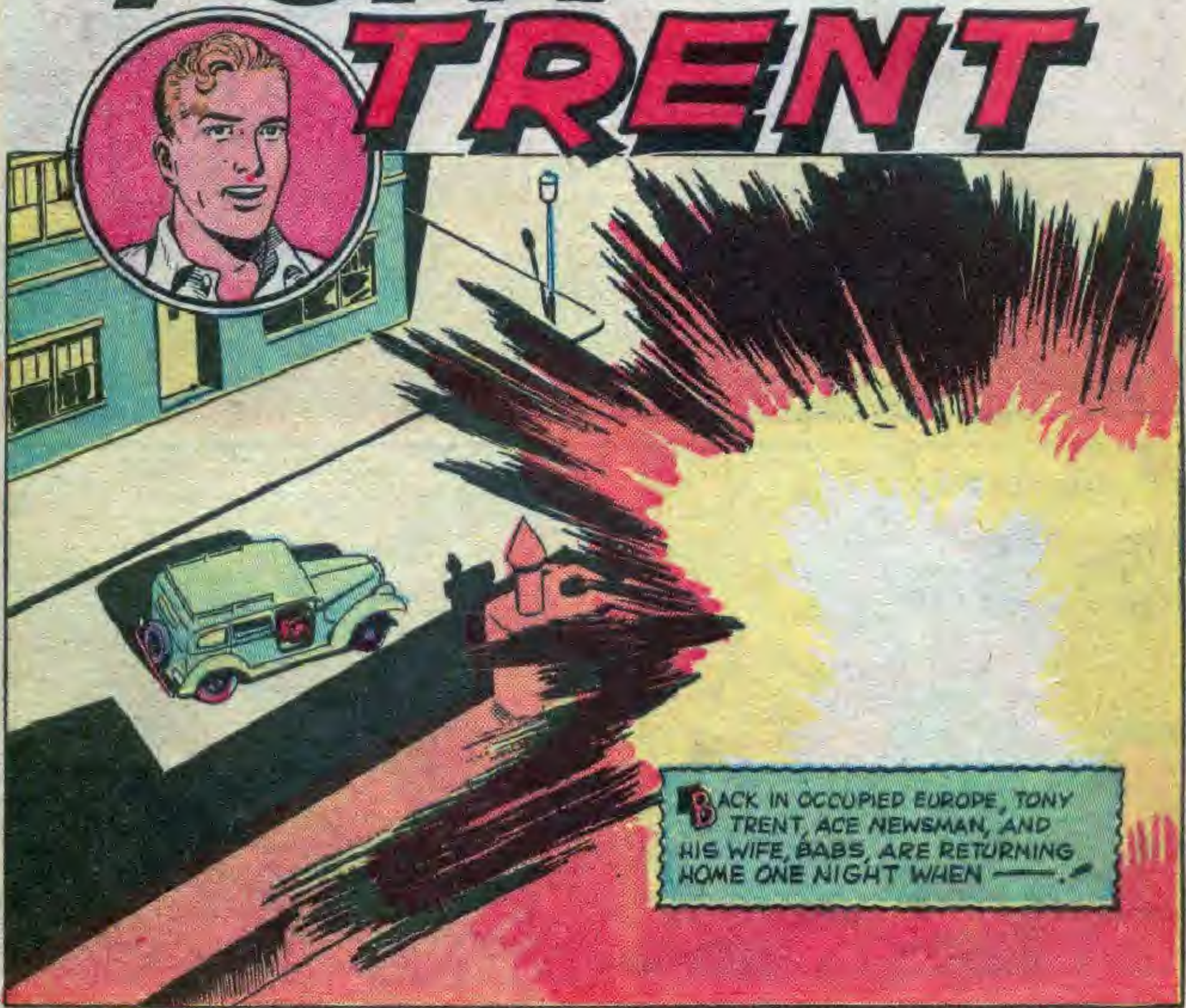




BIG SHOT

# TONY TRENT

by MART BAILEY



**B**ACK IN OCCUPIED EUROPE, TONY TRENT, ACE NEWSMAN, AND HIS WIFE, BABS, ARE RETURNING HOME ONE NIGHT WHEN —



THAT FLAK IS COMING FROM THE OTHER ZONE, TONY...

YES...AND THERE'S THE PLANE THEY'RE SHOOTING AT.





# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT

OH, THANK GOODNESS!  
THE CROWD IS BLOCKING  
THEIR CAR SO THEY  
CAN'T PURSUE US!

YES....MY  
PEOPLE LIKE  
THEM EVEN  
LESS THAN  
WE LIKE YOU!



CLEAR A PATH SO WE CAN  
RIDE THROUGH, I SAY!  
... GET OUT OF MY WAY!



EMBECILES! YOU STAND THERE GRINNING  
WHILE A FORTUNE—A KING'S RANSOM IN  
THAT BLACK BAG—SLIPS AWAY FROM YOU!  
... WHOEVER CATCHES THAT GIRL FOR MY  
GOVERNMENT JEWELS MAY KEEP THE  
FOR HIMSELF!



SEE! MY "PROMISE" SENDS  
THEM OFF LIKE BLOODHOUNDS  
... NOW THERE IS NO  
ESCAPE FOR PRINCESS  
ELENA—OR HER  
RESCUERS!



PRINCESS  
ELENA!  
HOW—?

HOW IS IT THAT I AM A HUNTED  
FUGITIVE?... THEY TOOK OVER MY  
COUNTRY.... ONE OF MY PALACE  
OFFICERS HELPED ME TO  
ESCAPE AT THE LAST MOMENT  
... I HAD TIME ONLY TO TAKE  
THESE JEWELS, WHICH I HOPE  
TO SELL FOR THE RELIEF OF  
MY SUFFERING COUNTRYMEN



WAY ARE WE  
STOPPING  
IN THIS LONELY  
SPOT?

DRIVER,  
WHAT'S THE  
MATTER?

ENGINE  
TROUBLE





# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT





HOW JOE'S BODY  
BROUGHT HIM

# FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 329R, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 329R

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, huaky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....Zone No. (if any).....State.....



# A Genuine **JEWELLED** WESTERN BELT

The most popular Boy's Belt in all America!



*Hey Fellas!*

EVERYBODY IS  
WEARIN' 'EM

Only \$1.98

\*\$1.00 Extra with  
YOUR NAME  
IN STUDS

Your  
Choice  
of BROWN  
or BLACK

**TOP GRAIN  
SADDLE LEATHER  
METAL BUCKLE & TRIM**  
Jewel and Stud Design on Sides

BELT IS DECORATED WITH  
COLORFUL, SIMULATED JEWELS

You'll be the envy of your friends with this Genuine Ranger-type JEWELLED WESTERN BELT. It's the flashiest, sturdiest belt you've ever seen. Styled and made to look like those famous Western Belts you've admired on your favorite movie and rodeo stars. Top grain saddle leather from end to end, it's handsomely tooled in a beautiful Western design. Embossed silver-colored buckle made extra big for better grip. Belt is extra wide for support and protection against hard knocks and bumps when you're "roughing it with the other fellas", or on bike rides, camping trips, hikes, etc. You'll be crazy about those bright, gleaming simulated Jewels and shiny metal harness studs that adorn each side of your Belt. Be the first in your neighborhood to own a JEWELLED WESTERN BELT.

*This is how the belt looks  
with your **OWN NAME** on the back*

You can add to the beauty of the belt and make it permanently yours by having your very own name "put-on" with shiny metal studs. Helps others to know you when your back is turned. Prevents loss or borrowing of belt since belt with your name on it is of value only to you. Metal harness studs used to spell out your name BIG are securely fastened to belt so they can't come out. Price of belt with name in studs is only \$2.98. Without name the price is \$1.98. If you order with name to be put on, you'll have to send full payment in advance with order. We will then prepay all shipping charges. If no name is wanted, you need SEND NO MONEY. We'll ship C.O.D. Either way, your satisfaction is positively guaranteed. You must be delighted and pleased in every way or you can return belt within 10 days for full refund. So rush your order on the coupon today.

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Gentlemen.—Rush me the JEWELLED WESTERN BELT as ordered below on your 10 day money-back Guarantee Offer.

Check color choice: ☐ Black ☐ Brown Give belt size \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Send Belt without name @ \$1.98 Ship to me C.O.D.

☐ Send Belt with NAME @ \$2.98. I ENCLOSE \$2.98 IN ADVANCE AS REQUIRED. Ship all Postage charges prepaid.

Name Wanted on belt in studs \_\_\_\_\_

MY NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_